

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

This Paper is Devoted Especially to the Interests of the Farming Class.

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1893.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
Clk. Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk. Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r. Co. Ct., C. E. Beard.
Co. Surveyor, G. M. Kee.
Coroner, Geo. Baxter.
Geo. P. Moore.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEILL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lawisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

D. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year.
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. J. N. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

C. J. ELLIOTT,
BUILDER.
Mill-wright & Carpenter.
Drafts and specifications furnished on application.
GREEN BANK, W. VA.

J. B. McNEILL,
AUCTIONEER,
BUCKEYE, W. VA.
Four miles below Marlinton. Business of this kind attended to anywhere in the State. Good reference.

C. B. Swecker,
Gen'l Auctioneer and Real-estate Ag't
I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber land. Farms and Town lots a specialty. 31 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. P. O. - Dunmore, W. Va. or Alexander, W. Va.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

IN THE NEW VIRGINIA. AT THE HOT SPRINGS.

HOT SPRINGS, Va., August 17—
If I had come to this place three years ago, it would have been by the old time stage coach, from Millboro, twenty one miles, but in these last three years, the old Virginia whose waning I noticed in my recent remarks from Goshen, has been further crowded out by the new Virginia, and to day we reach Hot Springs by a branch of the C. & O. railroad from Covington, Va., a distance of twenty five miles, and a rise in the world of about 1,000 feet, Hot Springs being about 2,300 feet higher than the sea level.

And here we plunge into a civilization and progress as raw and rank as that of Chicago. Yet it is purely nineteenth century, and as before stated, who shall say it is not as it should be!

They say, and it must be true, that the late lamented George Washington was wont to come to this pleasant valley, hedged in by the mountains, in which lie the hot healing and warm springs, to heal the ill his flesh was heir to, or had acquired by the usual processes, and also to have a good time with the other old Virginia boys of his day and generation, but if George should happen to slip in here now, he would be paralyzed beyond the power of the springs to heal, when he saw the changes that have taken place within less than five years.

Mr. Washington never heard of northern capital working a revolution, because the revolution he was interested in was not that kind, but he would see it here, and he would wonder at it, and if he happened to own real estate in the neighborhood he would be more than likely be tempted to break his record trying to sell some acreage at town-lot prices.

A great many men have done that who have truthfully traded horses or been in politics.

As I said before, northern and western capital has this valley in its keeping, and already it is almost un-Virginiaized. A modern forty seven gabled hotel has been put up a bath-house costing \$150,000 is in operation, a great boulevard winding away among the mountains has been built, and the new things have dispossessed the old. There are still many Virginians here, and other southern people, but the millionaires from the North and East with their formalities and complications of good form, are moving in and ere long it will be the swell resort of Virginia. We are a modern people, love the old things as one way, and we accept with good or bad grace, as may be, what modernity brings.

Said I to an old colored man sitting on a log:

"What do you think, uncle, of all these northerners coming down here and making everything new?"
"I hain't the leas' objections in de worl', boss, 'ceptin' one," he replied promptly.

"What's that?" I asked, feeling sure that in this old man some cherished tenderness of the past still remained.

"Dat dey hain't got money 'nough to make dis old nigga new 'long wid de res'!"
and another of my idols went to the earth with a dull thud.

The water in the springs here vary from fifty three degrees to 108, and hot water and cold water come out of the ground as close together

as from two spigots in a bath tub. In one place, right up through the cold water of a stream, a hot spring bubbles, and the waters differ as much in kind as they do in degree. Soda and magoesia and iron and alum and sulphur spring up together in a manner to make a drug clerk get his labels mixed.

"We'll have a hot scotch spring and an ice cream spring here when you come again," said Manager Champlin to me, but I don't more than half believe him, though I did see a hot scotch at the hotel.

"Did you ever notice," remarked a New Yorker, "how many springs there are in the mountains of Virginia?"

"There's just one a year, isn't there?" inquired a snippy young man from Baltimore.

The New Yorker paid no attention to him.

"Now for instance," he went on, "there's Rockbridge Alum Springs, Hot Springs, Warm Springs, Healing Springs, Cold Sulphur Springs, White Sulphur Springs, Old Sweet Springs, Jordan Alum Springs, Bawley Springs,—"

The snippy young man from Baltimore put in here as the New Yorker hesitated a moment.

"Yes," said he, "and backward springs, and dry springs, and early springs, and late springs, and wagon springs, and bed springs, and the Lord only knows how many more the snippy young man from Baltimore would have discovered if the New Yorker, in supreme disgust had not arisen from his chair and walked away.

Then a man from Brooklyn, chuckling over the discomfiture of the New Yorker, asked the snippy young man from Baltimore to join him in a few devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, and the snippy young man from Baltimore joined him, and it was a case of united we stand and divided we fall and a colonel from Kentucky said it reminded him of home and set 'em up agagin.

A man can get any kind of a bath here he wants and there are many here for their health. There's no funny business about it, though, and the patient who expects to experience satisfactory results can't come here and paint the valley red seven nights in the week and get any good out of the waters during the remainder of his time.

I have this bit of information from a man with his foot in a sling, who had tried it:

"J'ever have the gont?" said he to me, biting his lip in pain.

"No," said I.

"Did you ever have any doubts as to the orthodox hereafter for sinners?" said he.

"Some," said I.

"Get the gout once and you won't," said he, trying to fix his foot in some sort of an easier position, and swearing viciously meanwhile.

Hot Springs is about eight hours by rail from Washington, and a week by horseback, as a party of Washington equestrians informed me, who had been eating their meals off the mantelpiece ever since their arrival.

It was a nice mantel, though, costing about \$97, and they didn't seem to mind it much.

M. E. Ingalls, president of the C. & O. R. R., has built a very hand some cottage here, and it will be very convenient if he should ever come to the United States Senate, as there is some likelihood of his doing some of these days.

Topographically, the place is the Baden Baden of America, and

when they have their "conversation baus" built and the spring water fontained about where all who come may drink, the likeness will be stronger than ever.

On my way up here I had to wait over at Covington several hours, as I came there on a local train from Goshon, and I went to the hotel to feed and write a letter. When I came to settle I laid out some silver.

"Do you take silver?" I inquired of the good-looking clerk.

"Certainly," he responded.

"At par?"

"Oh, yes;" then he said doubtfully: "of course, it isn't par, it's only step par," and his dreadful pun came so near the truth that I forgave him, but out of regard for his family I shall not mention his name.

Woman in the main are cruel.

"I wish you'd write me poem to a young man" said a sweet and pretty Hot Springer to me.

"Oh" said I, flattered to death; "do you want a love ditty that will win him forever?"

"No," she responded, "not that kind; I want one of your best to give him as my own, and when he reads it and thinks I write that kind of poetry, he will go lose himself in the mountains and never bother me again."

And I wrote the poem, because I wanted to get the other fellow out of the way.

LYNCHING.

Lynch law is one of the foulest blot on American civilization. It is time for public authorities to stiffen their backbone and bring justice to the savages who attempt to administer a kind of illegal justice of their own contriving. The sudden activity of Kansas officials in attempting to preserve the peace in the mining district is as welcome as it is unexpected, and until further returns are received, will be gladly accepted as a sign of returning reason and conscience. Perhaps it would be well to substitute "newly acquired" for "returning" in the above sentence, as the present administration of the Bleeding State has never hitherto been accused of possessing the qualities mentioned.

Apropos of the interminable question of Sunday opening, it is curious and suggestive that the extreme Sabbatarianism of every age have done more discredit the day than its foes. It was so in the days of our Lord's teaching upon earth. The day that was intended as a gracious relief from toil had been converted into a burden intolerable. It had been transformed from a blessing to a curse. It gave men not the liberty designed, but a slavery worse than Egyptian bondage. Of all the institutions of Mosajc economy it was the most beneficent and had become the most cruel. If our toilers could once learn the spirit of it to day it would do much toward winning en masse to the Bible. But before they learn it the Church must learn it. Yet the Church has devoted a thousandfold the time to the study of its letter to what it has given to the investigation of its spirit.

THE BOARD vs. THE BOARD.

"There will be a meeting of the board at the conclusion of this service" said the preacher. So the official brethren of the church gathered around the pastor after the benediction had been pronounced. Amongst was a stranger whom it

was necessary as delicately as possible to remind that his presence was not needed. "I beg your pardon" said the stranger, "I understood this was a meeting of the board of which I claim to be one."
—Exchange

DOWN PIKE'S PEAK.

The mountain top is 14,146 feet above the level of the sea. In August three men attempted to descend it on a toboggan. This is a flat board with a groove underneath which fits the rack rail on the cog road. In the center is a lever which when pressed, operates as a brake. Light arms reach over each side to the side rails to steady the machine and form a foot rest.—The three sat one behind another on the board and the descent commenced. The speed increased every moment, and in ten minutes had passed a party who had been traveling two hours on foot from the summit. There is a sharp turn in the road just below Windy Point and it was necessary to go slowly around the curve. The men applied the brake but it refused to work. The toboggan maintained its terrific speed until it reached the curve, where it jumped the track, fatally injuring all three.—Herald.

America has now a rare opportunity to sell its surplus at a fall price, but, unfortunately, our people do not know how to improve the chance. The Germans export to other civilized countries only the best. One can buy on the average better German goods in America than in the German cities. But the American exporter seems to follow the maxim that everything is good enough for the foreign market. The long expected cargoes of American hay have brought about a general disillusion. The German cattle are used to sweet meadow hay and will not eat hay of a poorer quality. It should be remembered that the Americans will profit quite enough if they send good qualities. Similar is the experience with the export of corn. The United States Government expends \$10,000 annually to introduce Indian corn at European tables. The thing has been done with such skill that the people make "rye" faces if you talk of it, and ask if it is really true that the Americans eat such horrid stuff.—The Americans have tried to awake enthusiasm for Indian corn by inviting people to dinners, at which six or eight different courses composed entirely of corn or cornmeal were served. The German government is however making trials with corn for the army horses.

WANTED—25 ACTIVE AND ALERT young men to watch melon patches at Marlinton. Must know a kleptomaniac at sight, and be melon proof themselves.

Address "MELONCHOLY," Sign of the Big Round Dollar.
No black man need apply.
N. B. A frost kills this advertisement. —til pd

IN THE WOODS.

The woodpecker presents his bill, Which makes the dog wood bark; The stately oak twigs, boughs, and leaves,

Exclaiming, "What a lark!"

The largest greenback in existence is of \$10,000 value, and is the only one of its kind. At present it is not in our possession.—Exchange

—The third quarterly meeting for Greenbank Circuit will be held at Traveller's Repose, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1; Huntersville, Oct. 7 and 8; Levelton, Oct. 7 and 8; Hot Springs (at Mt. Grove) Oct. 14 and 15.

W. G. HAMMOND, P. E.